

The T O N.

A T R U E S O N G.

IN former times, I've heard it said,
'Twould cost some pains to be well bred;
But now we all are gay and smart,
And scorn the tedious rules of art.

Without endeavour,
All are clever!
The only lesson now that's taught,
Is—banish care, and banish thought!

To think—is low, and unpolite!
With ideas, poets write;
Without ideas, wits decide;
Caprice is judge, and Whim is guide.
All to science
Bid defiance;

That jargon now is heard no more,
For THINKING is a horrid bore!

We wake by night, and sleep by day;
As cash falls short, intrigue, or play;
We dance, we sing, we laugh, we drink;
For ever talk, but never think.

Joys caressing!
Gaily dressing!
Not a moment runs to waste!
This is Life! and Ton! and Taste!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.